

MICHIGAN FARMER,

AND—
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

schedule of Dates Claimed and Place
Where Held.

Below we give the dates at which sales of
shorthorned stock will be held in this
State, so far as we have been notified.
Stockmen who intend holding sales this
spring should send in dates at once.

JUNE 5—D. Henning, Wheatfield, Calhoun
Co., Shorthorn and Hereford cattle.

JUNE 7—W. E. Boyden and Wm. Ball, Delhi
Mills, Shorthorn cattle.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market
the past week amounted to 22,283 bu., against
18,283 bu. the previous week, and 104,933
bu. for corresponding week in 1887. Shipments
for the week were 130,450 against
53,451 bu. the previous week, and 49,181 bu.
the corresponding week in 1887. The stocks
of wheat now held in this city amount to
349,315 bu., against 473,104 bu. last week
and 324,638 bu. at the corresponding date
in 1887. The visible supply of this grain on
May 19 was 39,022,228 bu., against 37,171-
771 the previous week, and 43,018,837
for the corresponding week in 1887. This
shows a decrease from the amount reported
the previous week of 249,543 bushels. As
compared with a year ago the visible supply
shows a decrease of 13,906,609 bu.

The course of the market the past week
was erratic, and changes were frequent and
rapid. A decline set in on Saturday and
Tuesday No. 1 white had got down to 95½c.
and No. 2 red to 92½c. The market ruled
weak, and at one time seemed demoralized.
Thursday values began working up-
wards again, both spot and futures sharing
in the advance. Friday spot was unchanged,
ed, while futures were off a few points.
Sellers were firmer at the close, and it looks
as if the weakness which affected the trade
early in the week had passed over. The losses
from the best points reached last week were
1c on No. 1 white and 1½c on No. 2 red.
The loss on futures was considerably more,
the scarcity of spot wheat keeps it firmer.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat in this market from
May 1st to May 25th, inclusive:

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various dates each day of the past week
were as follows:

May. June. July. Aug.

Saturday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Sunday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Monday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Tuesday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Wednesday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Thursday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

Friday..... 95½ 95½ 95½ 95½

A sale of No. 1 white for June delivery
was made yesterday at 95½c.

Chicago and New York were firmer yes-
terday than early in the week, and have re-
covered part of the loss on prices made
Monday and Tuesday.

The rains of the past week have made
much improvement in pastures and spring
crops. They came too late to save much of
the wheat. It would take a week's heavy
rain to put the ground in good shape in
some parts of this State.

Hungary has had a poor spring for crops,
and consequently they are in bad shape.

Holland's crops are doing well, and this
is also the case in Belgium.

Reports from France say that the weather
has somewhat improved and farmers are
making all possible haste with spring sow-
ing. There are no serious complaints rela-
tive to winter wheat, except as to its back-
wardness, which continued fine weather is
expected to remedy. If, however, a good
crop is to be harvested continuously favor-
able weather is absolutely necessary.

The wheat crop in the United Kingdom is
expected to be late. The area under wheat
is thought to be rather less than last year,
and the low prices driving farmers out of the
business by rendering it unprofitable.

The following table shows the quantity
of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage

to Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

Visible supply.....	31,317,380	Bushels
On passage for United Kingdom.....	17,016,000	
On passage for Continent of Europe.....	2,784,000	
Total bushels May 5, 1888.....	51,117,380	
Total previous week.....	52,921,348	
Total two weeks ago.....	55,685,416	

THE FREE POWER OF DURHAM CATTLE.

William Brown, Professor of Agriculture at the Ontario Agricultural College, furnishes the *Breeder's Gazette* with an article on this subject which is worthy of attention. Professor Brown has been in a position to observe the qualities of the different breeds, and his statements are entitled to respect upon the subject he discusses. He says:

"What has been written upon the Durhams, even within the last quarter of a century, would make a large library; but England's first and as yet last, improvement in cattle life is not all known, or at least has not been put distinct enough for everybody. We are induced to contribute to the historical pile, as by study of different classes of cattle here, and particularly in the practical handling and breeding of them under precisely equal conditions during the last twelve years, we have necessarily noted various features of their conduct that few are privileged to enjoy. We have not met with anything on the subject our station desires to call 'free power.' What that is, exactly it is somewhat difficult to explain. How often we feel and know something, and yet are in trouble how best to make it plain in plain language!"

"All animal life repeats itself by class distinctions, and by individual characteristics. The perpetuation of the species in nature is clearly a more systematic thing, and, indeed, is a law against man's best judgment for a like purpose; hence the intensification of all that goes to make reliability is incomparably better in the one case than in the other. Man's interference has simply brought about much more difficulty in the struggle for existence. Taking the principal breeds of cattle of the present day, it would not be difficult from their history and facts still accumulating to make out a list indicating the order of what is usually termed 'prepotency,' or the ability to maintain and to stamp their characteristics by reproduction. But this term is not definite enough when applied to the great variety of distinct races of animals, nor even to our domestic cattle."

"There may be said to be three easily placed lists among farm cattle in respect of character acquired by different methods of breeding—usually called improvers: First, those that in a general way have been selected by the farmer, and not having been interfered with by any outside crossing. Second, those also from native breeds, but gradually selected by individuals and families from among those which to attain certain results. Third, those nearly altogether made by man upon a system from various sources and by subsequent interbreeding, so as to hold as permanent as possible the properties gathered. Now we need hardly say that the Durham belongs to the third list, that the Hereford may be taken as a type of the second, and the Holstein-Friesian of the first."

"It is, we believe, a fact in all life, vegetable as well as animal, and necessarily more easily observed in animal, that the nearer nature the more intense and deeper in what we special things characterize them—at the same time that such a source does not diffuse and change to such a degree as we require when applied to others. It seems to be too concentrated and unyielding, and in more familiar words, the two sources always necessary for reproduction do not 'mix.' On the other hand, that which is considerably removed from nature, and is cultivated thing, has the greater power of diffusion and changing when linked with another of its kind. We desire, then, to draw attention to these important facts as part of our profession and observation here, and how much stronger the Durham cattle are when cropping value is considered. It is not contended that Durhams are valuable in the sense of doing well under conditions outside of those that have made and maintained them, any more than that our best hybridized wheats succeed any where. Whenever any one claims for a particular breed the universal and the best of everything we may at once set it down as untrue—as a simple impossibility. Indeed, nature in any shape gives no example of it, and all our science and practice have never secured it; but there is the best evidence to-day that man has made a remarkable specimen of what may be termed the impossible."

"Intense cultivation has made the Durham the nearest to the best of everything, from no other source and by no other method meantime, in all our experience, it is possible to get the approach to the combination of the beef and the milk. But this is not all: We have yet to learn that any breed can, as it were, throw the whole essence of its being when coupled with any other—native, half-bred or thoroughbred—as the Durham does. The free power of the class is astonishing, and is unquestionably the following of its cultivation. True, no doubt, as with any other profuse product, that more system—in rotation, in tillage, and in fertilizing—is required in comparison with other breeds, in order to maintain the crop, but then as in the field so here the crop is the paying one. A Durham bull, having in his constitution much of all the virtues that run from Collings, is unquestionably the most free or liberal agent for rapid wealth returns; the power is there, and it is a free or open power—not so tied up or conservative as others more near nature. The free power, then, of the Durham breed of cattle is what no other class can claim. In like measure, in our experience, because it is not in their breeding. Such a property can only exist in its fullest value in stock that has been bred in a special direction. We have a prominent example of the like free power with Leicester sheep and possibly in some pigs."

The N. E. Farmer says: Those who supply raw bone, either coarse or fine, as a fertilizer cannot reasonably expect very strong returns the first year, unless an excessive quantity is applied, and not then if the land is very dry. Raw bone is no better than gravel stones for plants till the bone decomposes, and the rotting process is very slow in dry land. Alternate wetting and drying in what is bone as well as fence posts. Aside from the interest account raw bone may be the cheapest to apply to ordinary moist land and if the quantity applied is very liberal."

The great trouble with creameries, cheese factories, etc., is the question of milk value. Good dairy men with good cattle that give

rich milk are refusing to put the product into a pool with milk that makes less butter or cheese, and receive the same price as paid for the poor quality. Where the milk of one dairy yields six pounds of butter to the 100 pounds of milk, and that of another but three and two hundredths pounds, to the same amount of milk, there is a manifest loss in paying a uniform rate for the milk from both dairies, and proprietors of the best are beginning to "kick." Needless to say the owners of poor cows are quite reconciled to existing conditions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

THIRD JOINT

Public Sale!
OF CHOICELY BRED
Shorthorn Cattle

Our third joint public sale will be held on the farm of W. E. BOYDEN, Delhi Mills, on

THURSDAY, JUNE 7th, 1888,
AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The lot to be offered consists of about 50 head, embracing representatives of the following popular families:

Rose of Sharon,
Flat Creek Young Mary,
Gwynne,
Romey,
Phyllis,
Pomona,
Victoria & Strawberry.

The stock is in good condition, contains many animals which have won distinction in the show ring, and are in every way desirable specimens of this great breed of cattle.

The sale will be conducted in the same honorable way in which the previous ones have been.

TERMS OF SALE:

A credit of one year will be given on approved bankable notes, with interest at 6 per cent. Send for catalogues.

W. E. BOYDEN,
Delhi Mills, Mich.
WILLIAM BALL,
Hamburg, Mich.
J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

Are You Interested?

The Hannan Real Estate Exchange
WILL SELL AT
PUBLIC AUCTION!

—ON—
Thursday, June 14th, '88
At 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises.

FARM

Known as the MILLARD FARM,
Four Hundred and Twenty-seven Acres,
—Situated One Mile Southwest of Man-
chester, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

This farm is under a perfect state of cultivation and has a top yield of twenty-five acres, which brings a handsome income in itself. The following stock and articles pertaining to the running of the farm will also go to the purchaser:

400 Sheep, Ewes and Lambs, 6 Horses, 1 Mule and 14 Head Stock—Steers.

The buyer will also be entitled to all the growing crops, consisting of 85 Acres Growing Wheat, 40 Acres of Corn and 30 Acres of Oats.

Terms—\$2000 down on date of sale and within 30 days from date of sale one third down of the balance, the balance can run from two to five years, at the option of the purchaser.

NOTE—Parties of 10 or over within a radius of 30 miles will receive free transportation to and from the sale.

A suitable lunch and other refreshments will be served at reduced charges.

Address all communications to
The Hannan Real Estate Exchange,
153 Griswold St., DETROIT, MICH.
BRYON GREEN, Auctioneer. m194t

1 SECTION FARM
2 SECTION FARM
For \$7,000.

Situated in Isabella county, three miles south and west of the booming R. H. center, Clare Village. Soil, clay loam. 10 acres old improved in crop; 20 acres more easily made ready for wheat; 30 acres choicest hard woods—valuable timber—400 maple trees; 30 acres elm and white oak; 20 acres spruce, fir and hemlock. Money in logs and wood. For further particulars address

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Awarded FIRST PREMIUM over everything in the GREAT ST. LOUIS FAIR, 1884. The creamery is now in operation, drawing off cream daily, and is the best of its kind in the West. The cream is of the highest quality, and is sold at a low price. The creamery is now in operation, drawing off cream daily, and is the best of its kind in the West. The cream is of the highest quality, and is sold at a low price.

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PERCHERON & French Coach Horses. All imported stock selected in France by one of the firm. Home-bred stock the progeny of selected sires and dams of the finest forms and most approved breeding. We will make it to your advantage to deal with us. Prices low and terms to suit purchasers. Stock guaranteed. Catalogue free by mail. SAVAGE & FAIRMAN, Detroit, Mich.

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We will pay One Ounce of Gold for every ounce of adulteration which this package may be found to contain. Peninsular White Lead and Color Works.

If you are thinking of painting this spring, it will pay you to send for sample cards and prices.

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General Agents, Detroit, Mich.

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JULY 4th to
OCT. 27th.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

ATTRACTIVE SALE OF

180 Head of Choice Kentucky Shorthorns,

MAY 29th, 30th and 31st.

On TUESDAY, MAY 29th, Messrs. G. Tucker and James Hall will sell at Paris, Ky., 50 head of choice cattle of the following families: Waterloo, Young Phyllis, Flat Creek Mary, Deedemans, Gales, Jessamines, etc. They are an excellent lot and nearly all red.

On WEDNESDAY, MAY 30th, A. W. Basom, of Son, Owensville, Ky., will sell at Mount Sterling, Ky., 50 Bred and Bred-topped cows and heifers and 10 bulls descended of Young Mary Young Phyllis, Rose of Sharon, Cypress, Myrtle, Royal Dukes, Mazuka, Filbert, Craggs, Wild Eyes, Black, Kirklington, Bloom, etc.

On THURSDAY, MAY 31st, Johnson A. Young & Sons, J. S. Berry & J. M. Bigstaff will offer at Mt. Sterling, Ky., 60 head of excellent cattle—Bred and Bred-topped, of the following noted tribes: to wit, Kirklington, Craggs, Wild Eyes, Kirklington, Hills, Dukes, of Canoe Peach Blossom and Kingscote Flares, Filbert, Loudon Dukes, Young Mary, Rose of Sharon, Young Phyllis, etc.

Catalogues now ready. Apply to the parties as above. Included in this series will be found some of the highest-bred young bulls, cows and heifers to be had, presenting a rare chance to get better cattle than are usually offered.

1868. M. W. DUNHAM 1888.

WILL PLACE ON SALE APRIL 2d,
TWENTY STALLIONS,
ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

I have for sale each year that a number of my customers can at conveniently buy until 'a' in the season, and it is to accommodate these that I have this year made a reserve of Twenty Stallions, old enough for service, which will be placed on sale April 2d; it being my determination to control my importations that I can offer purchasers a first class horse any day in the year.

All Animals Sold Guaranteed Breeds on trial satisfactory to purchaser.

CARRIAGES AT ALL TRAINS. Address M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, Du Page Co., Ill.

UTICA POULTRY YARDS!

UTICA, MICH., M. L. RICE, PROP.

Breeder of Choice White Plymouth Rocks, Black Jacks, Langhans, Partridge Game, White Leghorns, Wyandottes, Light Brahma, P. Rocks, Bronze Turkeys, & P. Ducks.

35 regular and 12 special premiums on the above varieties at the Eastern Michigan Poultry Show, held at Detroit, Mich., 12 to 15, 1888. H. N. Pierce, Judge. White Plymouth Rock eggs \$3.00 per 15, other varieties \$2.00 per 15. 400 choice fowls for sale, including entire breeding stock of J. C. Brown Leghorns, W. C. Pamberton, H. R. Gaines, Sec. 4 stamps for 24 pairs (illustrated) nestings, price etc. Special low prices on fowls for 30 days. Large electrolytes of principal varieties of poultry for sale cheap. Mention FARMER.

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Poetry.

A SWEETHEART'S PRAYER.

It is not much I ask you, dear,
Some words to cheer me far more;
Vows of eternal constancy
Repeated o'er and o'er.

Attendance on their slightest wish,
Your every tender thought,
A sacrifice of will to theirs,
In meek submission brought.

I care for none of these. No love
Can be downcast at will;
No vows of future faith will hold,
No hand be taught to thrill.

Love hath a channel of its own
Where it will flow in peace,
And neither storm nor prayer can change
Impel, nor cause to cease.

So I will only stoop to ask
This favor of your grace—
When you're my partner, dear, at last,
Don't ever trump my race.

—Wasp.

THE SEA SHELL.

I was an inland child, the hills
Closed round our home their wooded walls;
The world beyond was hid from me;
I often dreamt what it might be;
I longed with a child's impatient feet
To tread the city's noisy street;
And heard with yearning heart the call
Of the unseen, far distant sea.

For in our quiet farmhouse, kept
Its ancient mantlepiece to grace,
Was one large shell. I left my play,
How many times, to steal away
And take it gently from its place
And lay its pink lips to my ear,
The captive voice within to hear.
How faint, yet clear, how sweet and low,
It sang to me the ocean song!

I listened till it seemed my own.
The whisper from a world unknown!
Like one returned from far away,
The shell within its place I lay;
The hills around rose high and strong;
What though their prisoner I might be,
I knew the secret of the sea.

—Wide Awake.

Miscellaneous.

"WITH FLYING COLORS."

"Yes, it is very awkward," said cousin Nora, as she stood at the carriage door saying her last good-byes; "but, you see, Bertie, you have spent your life in getting into scrapes of all sorts, and getting out of them with flying colors, so I feel very confident you will get out of this."

"It is all very fine for you to talk," I said ruefully; "but here I am boxed up in this railway carriage, and I don't see any way out of the difficulty short of suicide."

Then the guard shut the door, the whistle shrieked, Nora stood back, and off we glided into the long tunnel through which the Great Southern and Western line takes its course immediately on leaving Cork.

A lover is most desirable and necessary for the happiness of any young woman; but two lovers are dreadful—I mean two at the same time. To be off with the old before going on with the new is not such a bad system; but to have two devoted suitors at the same period is simply distressing. I was in this unpleasant predicament; and both of mine were coming that very evening to Kingsbridge to meet me, and there would be terrible scenes, I knew very well. Hitherto they had never met—in fact, they had never heard of each other's existence.

"Gilbert Owens, a tall and handsome youth of three or four and twenty, I had met frequently at dances in Dublin during the previous winter. When leaving home I told him I was going to Cork, and he promised me home in time for a Half-Eve party that his mother was going to give. It was now nearly the end of October; and, when the date of my departure from Cork was fixed, I had written, not to him—oh, dear, not—but to his sister, mentioning the trifling fact of my speedy return and the day and hour. Of course I had not heard that Gilbert would be at Kingsbridge on that Saturday evening, but I knew he would be there, and Nora was equally positive about the matter.

Unfortunately, about half an hour before leaving my aunt's house in Cork, there came a letter from my other lover, saying he would give himself the pleasure of meeting me that evening at Kingsbridge. He was a cousin of mine, and a pompous fellow, forty-five, fat. I never could endure a fat man, and Reginald Wolvorton was fat. He said that he had been in love with me since I was fourteen—which, if true, was not "greatly to his credit," as his wife had died only about two years previously to this October day, and he had been married to her before I was born. My mother simply adored Reginald Wolvorton—a fact which caused me great and perpetual annoyance—and I knew she would have liked me to accept his suit; but she was far too sweet and good to urge me against my inclinations. My mother's cousin, an old maiden lady who made her home with us, was not so forbearing. She was everlastingly singling Reginald Wolvorton's praises in a way that made me loath the sound of his name. She used also to indulge in mild hints about young women who turned up their noses at eligible suitors, and who finally came out of the wood with a crooked stick, or no stick at all.

The best thing about Reginald Wolvorton was that he was in some public office in London, so that he could not be continually running over to Kingsbridge to see us. He had, however, turned up unexpectedly on more than one occasion; and he had done so now. The letter I held in my hand, as the train rushed on towards Dublin, told me as much: it ran—

"MY VERY DEAR BERTIE"—his indecent—never!—"I arrived here last night, and was, as I need hardly tell you, considerably disappointed on finding you absent. But my sorrow was a good deal alleviated on hearing that you are going to return home on Saturday. Of course you would have come in any case, when once you had learned I was here; and so I am, however, as your French neighbors would say, I will give myself the pleasure of meeting you on Saturday evening at Kingsbridge.

Yours ever,
R. W.

They were both coming to meet me, and I should be forced to accept Mr. Wolvorton's odious attentions, and drive off to Westland Row with him. Gilbert Owens would feel hurt at this; and I knew well how hard and

angry his face would become. He would think I had made the double appointment on purpose to tease him. While these reflections were coursing through my troubled mind we arrived at Limerick Junction. All the people who had travelled in the carriage with me now got out, and one gentle and timid-looking lady with snowy hair stepped in. My heart warmed to her, she was so much like my mother; and she and I soon made friends and chatted together, in which pastime I was glad to forget my woes and put off thinking of the evil hour before me. She was on her way to England, via the North Wall, she told me, so I should have her with me all the way to Dublin.

Ballybrophy was passed, then Maryborough, then Portlannington. I groaned in spirit, for we would soon be in Dublin, and no way out of the difficulty had as yet presented itself to my anxious and fevered mind. The brightness of the day was fading, and the grayness of the autumn twilight was creeping along the horizon. My companion ceased talking and opened a book. I sat moodily in my corner, staring straight before me. To get out at the nearest station to Dublin and pay a fabulous sum for a cab to Westland Row was an idea that filled my mind until I recollected that I was in the express mail and that it did not stop between Kildare and Dublin. Hope died away again; but presently a way of escape dawned upon my weary brain—a plan that was bound to succeed, and a charmingly clever one too. I laughed as I sat and worked it out in detail. My companion looked up in surprise, but I coughed in an asthmatic way and succeeded in diverting her attention. My plan was enough to make any human being laugh. I chuckled with joy as I thought of writing Nora a full, true and amusing description of it. She said I always came out of my scrapes with flying colors; but I should come out of this not only with flying colors, but with a full salute of artillery into the bargain.

In my moody meditation my eyes had unconsciously been resting upon my bundle of rugs and shawls on the opposite seat. I had not fastened it since leaving Cork, and from the contemplation of it my great inspiration had arisen. I worked out my plan mentally in every detail before proceeding to put any part of it into execution. Then I arose and loosened the straps of my bundle, and took down my small leather portmanteau from the rack overhead. I was thankful when I remembered that I had told the lady in the carriage with me that my eyes had been delicate all the summer, and that a doctor in Cork had advised me to wear a pair of black spectacles on sunny days. I had never worn them; but she did not know that; and, as I produced them now from my bag, she seemed to think that my eyes were paining me.

"Are you suffering?" she asked sympathetically, as I placed the spectacles upon my nose.

"No," I answered, blushing; "but the evening air—"

"Yes," she agreed readily; "it is always best to guard against cold. You ought to wear a veil also."

"Yes," I said, as cheerfully as I could, though I felt contemptibly mean. "Fortunately I have a good thick veil here; and I produced from my bag about two and a half yards of stuff which shopkeepers call 'gossamer,' but which is no more like gossamer than I am like her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. My aunt in Cork had made me a present of it for my 'poor weak eyes'; and not liking to leave it behind me and hurt her feelings, I had stuffed it into my travelling-bag at the last moment.

I locked up the portmanteau, and fastened the straps of my bundle once more. We were at Kildare now, and I waited breathlessly to see if any one would enter our carriage. A fat old gentleman did make an effort to open the door; but, as I held the handle firmly on the inside, he did not succeed, and passed on to the next compartment. Then a thin-faced handsome young priest passed; but, seeing the two most comfortable seats occupied, he likewise passed on. Happily no one else was tempted to enter, and in a few moments we started for Dublin. My plan would soon have to be put into execution now—would it fail or succeed?

It was getting quite dark, and even the yellow light in the west was dying out. My companion laid aside her book, and leaned back in her corner with closed eyes. Now was my time! Had she wanted to talk to me, I do not know what I should have done. To be let alone was what I chiefly desired just then.

I was wearing a very smart, nicely-fitting brown ulster and a cloth cap. The cap suited me extremely well, and I had fully contemplated keeping it on until Gilbert Owens had seen it; now the fulfillment of that cherished desire must be given up. I took off the cap and put on my hat, which was in the rack over my head, first tearing out a perky little yellow bird's wing which adorned it. The hat was a soft velvet affair, with a few brown feathers massed together in front. I noticed with satisfaction that it looked almost dowdy without the little bird's wing; for dowdiness was not the characteristic of my attire, as both Mr. Owens and Mr. Wolvorton could testify. I pressed the hat well down on my head, pushing my fringe well under it. My hair was so impressively curly and so bright and light that I knew the smallest exposure of it would betray me. Then I covered my face with the gossamer veil, crossing it behind over my hair, and tying it in a large untidy bow under my chin. Then I put on my fur cape, looked it at the throat, and threw it back over my shoulders. A plaid shawl came next; and at this juncture I glanced at my companion. She looked quite terrified. Poor thing!—to this day I am sure she speaks of the adventure as a fearful one! What could she have thought me an escaping murderer, a female dynamiter, or a madwoman? I longed to speak to her and assure her, but I dared not. I could not tell her the truth, and I was not going to tell her any lies. However, there was no help for it, and I held on my mad career. Over the plaid shawl I placed a dark-blue rain-coat; and by this time I looked a round stout old woman.

There was still a very smart-looking little fellow in my cloth travelling-cap and my leather straps, and then twisted it up loosely until it looked like a "gamp" of the

most degraded type. As a finishing touch to my costume I rolled a red woolen muffler round my neck, letting the ends hang down in front. About five minutes before the train ran into the station I looked at my well-fitting *Suede* gloves, and saw that they would do if left just as they were. My only resource was to draw the fingers half off, and button the upper parts crookedly, so as to make the gloves as baggy and ill-fitting as possible.

The ticket-collector's shout, "Now, ma'am!" when he came for my ticket, encouraged me much; and a few minutes later we glided into the long, brilliantly-lighted station. The first person I saw was Gilbert, tall and stately, clad in a light overcoat, and looking eagerly at each carriage window as the train passed. Further on I saw the burly figure of Mr. Wolvorton in his most elegant attire, leaning against a pillar and his legs lightly crossed. He looked in at the window without recognizing me as the train moved slowly past him.

As soon as we came to a standstill, I stepped out, secured a porter, and engaged a cab. There remained the question, What was I to do about my luggage? With horror I remembered that my initials were on a trunk, painted in staring white letters on a black ground. I had also a hamper with all sorts of country dainties and luxuries, a present to my mother from my aunt in Cork. I sent the porter to the luggage-van to fetch them, while I mounted guard at my cab door.

I saw Gilbert advancing slowly along the platform and looking into every compartment. Did the silly fellow think that I was hiding under one of the seats? I asked myself, as I watched him. Reginald, wiser in his generation, had stationed himself at the barrier in front of the luggage-van, knowing that every passenger, sooner or later, must come there to look after his or her effects. Presently my stupid porter came back, and addressed me in a stentorian shout—

"Will ye please step beyant there and show me whate ye have?"

There was no help for it, so, adopting a rolling gait, I waddled after him. I pushed boldly into the crowd of frenzied humanity, and found myself at the elbow of my dear cousin. He turned and looked at me, whether suspiciously or not I failed to see, as it was of course part of my role not to notice him.

It was at this juncture that my smart little umbrella did me a good turn. With its ivory hook I gripped the coat-collar of a youthful porter who was pitching my hamper about in a most unwarrantable manner. I shook him violently, at the same time yelling the broadest brogue at my command—

"Young man, young man, ye're breakin' me eggs! Lave them go this minit, ye villen! I'll have the law of ye if there's wan of them so much as cracked!"

There was a general laugh at my expense, even Reginald Wolvorton joining in it; and I retired to my cab flushed with victory.

"Take it aisy, ma'am!" cried the porter as he helped to squeeze my unwieldy form into the cab. "Where are ye for, ma'am?" he asked.

"Eh?" I shouted, thoroughly enjoying the joke.

He repeated his remark louder.

"Westland Row Station," I informed him.

"Is it the boat-train ye're after?"

I could have kissed him for that most happy suggestion; but I did not. I gave him a shilling instead.

Off we rattled out of the station, in my last view of which I saw Reginald Wolvorton, seated in the midst of a dead-lock of outside cars, drawing his legs up out of all possible danger, and Gilbert still wandering disconsolately on the platform.

I had escaped—come off with flying colors! I held my sides with laughter as I thought how nicely I had "done" my two brave heroes. But my merriment died when I called to mind the pleasant jaunt with Gilbert on an "outside" which I had promised myself for weeks past. This was a sad disappointment indeed; and the reflection did not make me any more amiably disposed towards that horrid old spool-sport, Reginald.

As we turned into D'Olier street, it suddenly flashed across my mind that I could not go down to Kingsbridge in my disguise. The trains were always crowded, and to rearrange my costume in the cab between the station and home would be impossible; besides, my mother would be sure to send a couple of servants to meet me. Now or never was the time to make the change; and I blamed myself severely for not thinking of it sooner, for I had barely time to tear off my extra garments, set my hat on straight, my fringe free, and fasten my straps, before the cab stopped at the side entrance to the station.

"For the Holyhead boat?" inquired a porter, stepping forward.

"Yes," said the cabby, as he jumped briskly to the ground to open the door and help the "old woman" out; but, when he saw a slim young lady, in a well-fitting ulster, with a roll of shawls, rugs, etc., in her hand, stepping out of the cab, he stood still in open-mouthed astonishment. "Be the howly powers!" he ejaculated feebly. Then a sudden inspiration came to him, and he gasped, "a patriot escapin'!"—and with lightning speed he dragged down my box and hamper, and deposited them on the pavement.

"Lose no time, honey!" he whispered hoarsely. "Good luck go wid you!"—and, leaping on to his box, he did not even wait to sit down before dashing from the station at his horse's best speed.

That was the only Dublin cabman who ever accepted his correct fare from me without haggling for more.

I had to pay "extra fare" and endure a little grumbling from the officials for daring to travel down to Kingsbridge in the boat-train, but I did not mind such trifles. I was more than repaid by seeing Mr. Wolvorton slowly pacing up and down the farther platform, smoking a cigarette, and awaiting the train which would start for Kingsbridge at ten minutes after nine.

That ten minutes saved me. I was home, my hat and sister were off, and I was enjoying a cup of tea beside the drawing-room fire before Reginald arrived on a swift "outside." Then followed hurried explanations. How could we have missed each other? Did I go to look after my luggage? Was I delayed at Kingsbridge? By what train did I leave Westland Row? All of these queries I answered with childlike guilelessness, and the affair passed off with-

out a suspicion being raised in any one's mind.

The next day I wrote a long letter to Nora; and, if I indulged in fits of laughter as I wrote, that was no one's business but my own. My mother looked mildly curious, and asked once or twice what the joke was; and Reginald appeared rather bad-tempered, which only added to my joy. I am sure he thought I was caricaturing him; he little guessed that it was the description of the guy I had made of myself that tickled my fancy so immoderately.

All Hallows' Eve fell on the following Tuesday, and on Monday Caroline Owens came out from Dublin to see me and remain of her little dance that was to take place on the following evening. She and I went for a walk on the pier, and then home for afternoon-tea.

My mother and Reginald were in the drawing-room, so we could indulge in no more private girlish gossip, but had to make ourselves generally amiable.

"Bertie can come in early to-morrow afternoon," Mrs. North," explained Caroline to my mother, as she stood up to go; "we will meet her at Westland Row. And mamma says she had better stay for the night, as she would have to leave so early to catch the last train. Besides, how could she get home alone? If we sent any one to town that night?"

"I shall have much pleasure in calling for my cousin at any hour appointed," I put in Reginald before my mother could open her lips to speak. "I think your residence is in Mountjoy Square, Miss Owens?"

Caroline looked somewhat disturbed; she would have liked me to stay all night with her, but did not know how to insist on it without being rude. Of course I was ready to annihilate the officious Reginald.

"If you would care to accompany Bertie," said Caroline, coloring up to the roots of her hair and looking very shy, "I am sure my mother would be very happy to see any friend of Mrs. North's."

"I shall be only too delighted," answered Reginald, well pleased at having gained his point so easily.

"But you must not expect much, Mr. Wolvorton. It is quite a small informal affair—only our intimate friends and our relatives," added Caroline, with a beseeching glance at me.

"Please forgive me!" she whispered, as she went away.

"Never mind," I said cheerfully. "If people will ask for an invitation to a place where they are not wanted, that is no fault of yours. I shall make it pleasant for him in some other way."

"Can trust you for that!" she cried, laughing as she went down the steps.

He had deprived me of the pleasure of going in early and being met by Caroline and Gilbert; he had caused me to lose half the entertainment—for now of course I should have to come away a little past eleven—and he had prevented my staying there for the night, which meant breakfasting at the same table as Gilbert, and being escorted to Westland Row by him.

No wonder I did not feel amiably disposed towards my cousin all that Tuesday. I was civil to him so long as we were in my mother's presence—for I had sufficient grace left in me not to pain her willingly; but on the way into town with Reginald I was as unpleasant and cutting as an east wind.

At Westland Row he hailed a cab. I waited till it drove up and stopped in front of us, then calmly announced that nothing on earth would induce me to go across to Mountjoy Square on anything but an "outside."

"But, my dear," began Reginald.

I hated him when he took this tone; it made me feel as if I had been his wife for the past forty years or so. I stamped my foot impatiently.

"I always take an 'outside,'" I interrupted.

"When I lived in Dublin it was not considered the correct thing for a young lady to be seen on one," he remonstrated.

"Perhaps not," I said, with impertinent levity; "but that was so long ago—before my time."

This put an end to his objections. He hailed an "outside," and we drove off amid a torrent of abuse from the disappointed cabby.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold, Bertie?" he inquired frigidly from the other side of the car as we drove down Brunswick street.

I had only a light opera wrap over my evening dress, I really was cold, but I would not acknowledge the fact.

Presently our jarvey nearly capsized us in trying to turn a corner smartly. The car was jerked skywards on my side, and was shot up into the air and dropped down again like a monkey on a stick.

"What are you about? You might have thrown the lady off!" cried Reginald indignantly.

"The young lady's all right, yer honor. It isn't a bale of goods she is, with no spring in her at all; and yer honor more than balances her."

I laughed derisively by way of showing entire approval of the man's joke at my cousin's expense.

"Reginald," I said loudly, as we neared Mountjoy Square, "had you not better engage this car to take us back to Westland Row to-night?"

He muttered something which I chose to take for assent, and so cheerfully engaged the jarvey for a quarter past eleven to take the station.

Arrived at the house, I jumped down and was in the brilliantly-lighted hall before Reginald had succeeded in dismounting from his side of the car.

Gilbert came out of the drawing-room to meet me. He looked so tall and handsome in his evening-dress that my heart beat wildly with delight. I felt sure he was glad to see me and welcome me back again, as he clasped my hand in his strong yet gentle grasp. While I stood there with my hand in his and his dark eyes on my face, I felt calmer and more anxious to become a good and noble woman than I had ever felt before. I remembered most of the mean, spiteful and wicked actions of my past life, and felt ashamed of them and myself.

Then Caroline appeared, introduced her brother to Reginald, and carried me away to her room to take off my wraps.

"How pretty you look!" she said admiringly, as I laid aside my cloak. "I think

Cork has improved you—you have such a pretty color and your eyes are so bright."

"Don't flatter, Caroline!" I remonstrated; but I was pleased at her commendation, which I knew to be sincere.

Looking at myself in the glass, I thought I did look rather nice; though my dress was only flimsy black lace, cut square at the front, and with thin lace sleeves to the elbow, and my sole ornaments were a couple of jet stars, one in the front of my dress and the other in my curly hair.

When we entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Owen kissed me fondly, which she had never done before; and I felt myself color up as much as if it had been Gilbert.

Reginald was standing on the hearthrug with a few gentlemen, making long speeches on the subject of English rule in Ireland.

"I don't think politics ought to be discussed at evening parties," I remarked to Gilbert, in a voice loud enough for Reginald to hear.

"On what day did you come home from Cork?" he asked, looking at me with amused eyes.

"On Saturday last," I answered, blushing furiously.

"By what train?"

"The accelerated mail."

"Arriving at Kingsbridge—when?"

"About a quarter to six," I replied; then, ignoring my crimson cheeks, I said boldly, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I only wanted to know!" he answered calmly, still with the amused look on his face.

Then he went away and joined Reginald on the hearthrug. I compared them as they stood side by side, and marvelled how it was that I had managed to attract two men of such totally diverse types—Gilbert, tall and well-favored, with an expression of intense calm characterizing his face and movements; Reginald, short and stout, fussy, loud-speaking, aggressive towards men, and patronizing to women. My cousin had probably been handsome when young, but time had blurred the outlines of his features and marred the symmetry of his figure.

I was interrupted in my meditations by Vere, Gilbert's younger brother of sixteen—a lanky youth with straight dark hair and a sallow countenance, who was one of my devoted admirers.

"What's up with you, Miss North?" he inquired, scrutinizing me carefully. "You look up to some mischief tonight. Who's your man in town?"

"A cousin," I said contemptuously.

"Cousins are a jolly nuisance!" he returned, with more vigor than elegance. "And it's thanks to him you must go home tonight! I'd like to see him kicked to death by cripplies!"

"Don't be venomous, Vere."

"Practice what you preach, my lady. I am sure you will make it pretty hot for the cousin."

I nodded acquiescence.

"The Harveys are here," he went on. "Couldn't you four club together and drive down to Kingsbridge to-night? There's no fun in your having to go off early enough to catch the last train."

"That's a noble idea, Vere," I said, delighted at the suggestion. I should not mind the six miles' drive with Reginald if I had the Harveys with me.

"I'll arrange it all with Willie Harvey," said Vere. "He and his sister are sure to jump at it. I heard Miss Harvey lamenting the earliness of the last train a few moments ago."

"Vere, you're an angel, and I love you!" I cried enthusiastically.

At that moment the musicians arrived, and there was a move across the hall to the dining-room, which had been cleared for dancing.

I gave Vere the first dance as a reward for his brilliant idea, and when it was over, received numerous applications for the next from other cavaliers; but neither Gilbert nor Reginald came near me, which somewhat surprised me.

"Vere," I said, "I don't want to dance with my cousin, so, whenever you see him about to ask me, either come and ask me yourself or drag some man forward and insist on his dancing with me."

"All right—I'll guard you like a brother," said Vere, as he went off laughing.

I need not have blushed so much as I did, but I could not help it, for Gilbert was passing at the moment with a lady on his arm, and bestowed upon me one of his quiet, enigmatical smiles. He had overheard Vere. We had no programmes, as the dance was so informal; otherwise I could have filled one up hastily, and so have avoided dancing with Reginald.

The third dance—a waltz—was going on when Gilbert came to seek me in my place of refuge behind some palm-fans in the hall. As I took his arm I saw Reginald come out of the drawing-room and take a few steps toward where I had been ensconced with my partner; then, perceiving me making for the dancing-room with Gilbert he suddenly wheeled about and returned to the drawing-room.

"Escape the first!" I exclaimed.

"From what?" asked Gilbert laconically, as he put his arm round me and we glided in among the dancers.

"Dancing with him," I replied, with equal brevity.

"Don't you like him?"

"I love him passionately!"

Gilbert laughed, and then we danced in silence for some time.

"Will you not dance with him?" inquired Gilbert presently.

"No—not if I can avoid it."

"You generally avoid doing anything you don't want to do. How will you manage this?"

"Say I am engaged."

"Whether you are or not."

"I generally am."

"Yes; you are not likely to be a wall-flower, though I am finding you under the shade of those palms—flirting?" He added the last word after a pause.

"I was not!" I said indignantly.

"No, poor little girl—you wouldn't know how!"

I was silent, not having any desire to encourage such unseemly levity.

"Engage yourself to me for every dance," he said presently, after we had gone round the room several times in silence.

I only laughed in reply; and he did not speak again until we had again reached the spot where he had spoken last.

"Engage yourself to me—for all your life," he said softly.

All the room seemed to whirl around me, and I felt like fainting.

"Will you, dear—my dear little Bertie?"

All the levity had disappeared now, and his voice was grave and sweet.

I could not speak, and he said no more. When the dance was over, we were going towards the drawing-room when Vere came up to me eagerly to tell me that the Harveys had consented to stay till the fun was over, and to drive over to Kingsbridge with me and my cousin.

Vere was very good, and kept his promise like a man; but, in spite of his vigilance, Reginald succeeded in entrapping me when I was disengaged. I compromised matters by sitting out the dance in the hall, but well in view of the world in general, though Reginald made an effort to reach the tranquil solitude in the shade of the palms.

My cousin's first remark was not calculated to soothe.

"You have become painfully flippant, my dear Bertie," he said, with studied calmness.

"I'm not your 'dear Bertie,' and I wish you would not call me so!" I retorted

THE PRIVOLOS GIRL.

Her slowness it rustles,
As she goes down the stairs;
And all the place there's a face
One half one half so fair;
But, oh! I saw her yesterday,
And no one knew I was there;
When a little child looked up and smiled,
As she sat on my lady's knee.

Her fan it flirts and flutters,
Her eyes grow bright, grow dim;
And all around no man is found
But she thinks of him;
But, oh! to her the best of all,
Though they may be great and grand,
Are less than the sick whose smiles come quick,
At the touch of my lady's hand.

Her little shoe of satin,
Peeps underneath her skirt;
And a foot so small could never at all
To move in mire and dirt.
But, oh! she goes among the poor,
And heavy hearts rejoice,
As they can tell, who know her well,
To hear my lady's voice.

Her glove is soft as feathers
Upon the nestling dove,
It's touch so light, I have no right,
To think, to dream of love.
But, oh! when clad in simplest garb,
She goes where none may see,
I watch and pray that some happy day,
My lady may pity me.

—H. C. Bunker.

Homely Girls at a Premium.

At one of the principal type-writing schools in New York you often see as many as eight or ten young women on the benches in the outer office, waiting to see the proprietor, of whom they want to get employment as pupils or secretaries to business men. The other day I went to that school and I witnessed the neglect of a plain girl, who evidently found it difficult to conceal her mortification. I was in the room with the proprietor when he asked her to come in.

"I suppose there is no use my asking you, sir," she said, "but I will say that I am seeking occupation as a type-writer."

"Do you understand the business?" he asked.

"I am said to be very rapid," she said.

"I have been five years at the calling,"

"Will you accept \$15 a week to act as stenographer and type-writer to Vice-President So-and-so, of the ——— Company?"

"Fifteen dollars?" she said. "I only got ten, sir, and then only for a year, before the firm I was with failed."

The arrangement or bargain was quickly made. Before she left, the girl asked:

"Will you tell me why you saw me last, though I was the first to come?"

"I'd rather not," said the employer.

"Did all the others secure places?"

"No one but you was taken," he said.

She went away wondering. When she had gone the proprietor turned to me and said:

"That is both a sensitive and sensible girl. She thought she was left to the last because her face and dress are plain."

She is right. This is the day of the homely girl. The beauty, the belle, the dressy girl, are all at a discount in this business, and we have resolved never to employ another pretty girl if we can get a homely one.

"There's no mystery about it," he continued, "it's plain business. There are now six or seven thousand girls at work in men's offices down town, and while their entrance into commercial life is always spoken of as a feminine revolution, the truth is that it has created a social stir deeper than either one sex has felt. When girls were first made use of on account of their quickness with their hands, the suitability of the work, and the low price at which they could be got by reason of the large number seeking work, the craze was for pretty girls. Now all that is changed. I can show you scores of letters in which business men ask me not to send a pretty girl. The reason is as plain as the nose on your face," he continued: "the wives have interfered. Every married man is visited at his office by his wife more or less frequently. If she finds him elbow to elbow or face to face with a pretty coquette every time she comes, she is certain to make life more or less unpleasant for him. Some women in such cases take it out at home, as the saying goes, and I have heard men tell me that their wives were forever popping in on them, and practically never missed a day without a call at their offices. These business men nearly all pick up a bouquet or box of candy or some little knickknack now and then to gladden the life of the girl at their elbow. Imagine the state of the wife who finds that the flowers she sees on her husband's desk were put there by him, when he has told her ten thousand times that he has hated flowers from infancy! Oh, no; there is no show for the pretty girl in business in New York. Those who get places long ago are being crowded out and no new ones are now taken on."

Which Path to Choose.

In 1839 a middle-aged man was incarcerated in the debtor's prison in Philadelphia. He was a grave, silent man, with marked features and grizzled hair; he spent his whole time at work with a miniature furnace, retorts and chemicals, and was so absorbed in his work that he sometimes forgot to eat. He had been a partner in a hardware firm which had failed, and the jailer explained to visitors that the failure had affected his reason. For nine years he had given himself up wholly to experimenting with the sap of the India-rubber tree, trying to make a substance which would neither melt in summer nor crack in winter.

His friends paid his debts, and he left the jail and took his wife and children to a village in Connecticut. There he remained for years in the direst poverty, often to the point of lacking food, but never for an hour turning aside from his work. His own money and all that he could borrow from friends or strangers went into his experiments. His child died, and, as he had not a dollar with which to bury it, he went on foot to the cemetery, carrying the little coffin, and laid the baby to rest with his own hands. At last came success. He gave to the world vulcanized rubber, a substance invaluable to art and science, and also to every-day practical life, and founded a great fortune.

Not far from Charles Goodyear, in the days of his struggles, lived a young artist as poor as he. He, too, gave himself to his work with absolute faith and fiery zeal. The sketches which he made at that time prove that he had exceptional power; but he, also,

had a wife and children. If he gave himself to the study of the highest art, they must starve. He chose rather to feed, clothe and educate them well. He abandoned his hope and ambition and the work for which God had fitted him, and painted inferior popular pictures which brought him in a comfortable income. When he died he left behind him a family of commonplace men and women, well-to-do and happy; but the note which had been given him to strike in the great human orchestra never had been sounded.

Now which of these men was true to his duty? This is one of the riddles of life which comes before many a young man to whom has been given ability for a special, noble work. Shall he sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, even for his children? "Be true to your art," said Guido, "and let the world sink."

"Gnaw your own bone," wrote Emerson. "Gnaw at it alone, bury it, unearth it, but gnaw it still."

A New Weapon.

A certain fort in the far West, so the story goes, was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favorite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally one day he took one of the small howitzers, which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded in high feather with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon the Indian allies, and stepped gallantly forward and applied the match.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused.

He jerked his head around to see what was flitting away there on his neck, and the next second his feet were all bunched together and making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything under the canopy within a radius of ten miles with instant destruction. The captain shinned up the only available tree.

The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over in agony, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball going through the roof of the fort. The recoil of the gun and the wild leap of terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly: "Injun go home."

Questioned as to why he thus explained: "Injun very brave; help white man. Injun use gun, use bow arrow, use knife; but when white man fire off whole jacks, Injun no understand, no think right, Injun no help um fight that way."

A Cingalese Rock Fortress.

For the first time for a number of years, the Sigit Rock, in Ceylon, has been sealed by a European, the feat on this occasion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one European, Mr. Cressy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about 4 inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a channeled wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High upon the rock are several figures of Buddha, but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery, the ascent in parts has to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the last part of the ascent alone. The ascent was a perilous one, and the fortifications were left to the natives. The fortifications were left to the natives. The fortifications were left to the natives.

White Hat Year.

"This is 'white hat year,' as we call the presidential year," said a State street hatter, "and the manufacturers and dealers are preparing for the abnormal demand—the former by turning out immense quantities of cheap white hats and the latter by getting in their orders for stock early. White hats as a political badge were first worn in the Greeley campaign. The editor candidate set the fashion himself, but his generally rustic-looking tie wasn't exactly imitated. The well-to-do among his followers wore a white silk plug, a good many brushing the fur from the plug. This hat was as expensive as it was eccentric. It cost from \$6 to \$9. The sale of white hats each presidential year thereafter showed a steady increase. In the last campaign enormous numbers were sold. Why, I fitted out three big clubs in one day. It is the members of the organizations that are formed, chiefly, who wear white hats. Still, individuals who will not join political clubs take this method of showing fealty to their party. I notice that a big white hat trade affects the fall trade. Why? Because many of the white hats, when the leaves

begin to fall, go into the dyer's pot and, as black ones, are made to last until Christmas.—Chicago Herald.

Little Talk, the Indian.

Little Talk flung down his hoe and repaired to the shade of a sallow-berry patch, "Boston" (white), his cadaverous little cur, slouching at his heels. The dog's appellation had been bestowed as the very height of indignation toward the Caucasian race, a fact which he seemed to appreciate, and which consequently robbed him of his last vestige of decent self-respect.

Little Talk was not warlike nor vicious, nor treacherous nor industrious. He hated work, cold weather and disease. He hadn't very definite ideas concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; but he distinctly hated women and bother, and the chief aim of life with him was to rest in the shade in summer, and find easy game in winter. After that he cared nothing. Regarding the future life and the "happy hunting grounds," he was distinctly heard to declare that he didn't know anything about them, that nobody did till after they died, and for his part he wasn't in any hurry to learn.

He hated beating tomahawks for the dead, and in his secret heart would rather the evil spirits would get every relative he ever had than to wear his arms out hammering with a club on a board.

It will be seen that Little Talk, under the enlightenment of civilization, would have been termed a misanthrope, misogynist, or some such person. He retired to the shade of the sallow-berry patch, and gathered great clusters of the sweet insipid fruit. Presently he tossed a bunch to Boston. That unsuspicious brute sprang up with alacrity, snapped at the flavorless offering, and, turning away, prostrated himself with a profound sigh. Under sufficient stress of circumstances, Boston would eat almost anything, but he drew the line at sallow-berries, and Little Talk knew it.

"That's the way Indians jump at promises from the father at Washington," observed the dusky gentleman, sarcastically, "and they are worth just about as much."

Some one had asked Little Talk why he did not tell his people what he thought of things in general.

He had replied: "It is too much trouble to talk, and if it wasn't I could do no good. One man is only as one leaf in a forest. Suppose I were a leaf, and a hundred berries listened to my words, there would still be millions that never heard me."

Little Talk was roused from his meditations by the voice of a missionary calling, "You Tawky, come here."

The gentleman was sometimes called "Tawky" for short.

"O dam," remarked Tawky, leisurely, and then in a voice of louder pitch, "yes (nowitka) you bet!"

"What did you quit hoeing for?" demanded the missionary.

"For sallows,"

"I'll sail you if you don't hurry!" ejaculated the wrathful employer.

Just what meaning lay couched in this terrible threat neither could have determined but Tawky reluctantly picked up the hoe.

By-and-by he threw it down again with the air of one who has made up his mind.

"Tawky, you come here, sir-r-r!"

"Dam!" was the terse response.

"What'd'ye say to me, a minister of the gospel?"

"I say damnter, I not hoe!"

The missionary was dumbfounded. Tawky on a strike was truly an alarming spectacle.

"What you stop for, my boy?" asked the preacher, stooping to cajolery.

"Tired; ain't your boy?" was the sullen answer.

"Now, come, let us reason together. Don't you know that industry is the very foundation of civilization? Hoeing potatoes is one of the most healthful and important branches of industry."

"Danho!" was the gloomy response.

"Well, sir," sternly, "what do you intend to do?"

"Wake leta." (Nothing).

"By Jove!" exclaimed the preacher, forgetting his cloth.

Tawky deigned to offer a brief explanation, uncommonly lengthy for him: "I hoe all day every day. Bimboey cold come, I cold jus' sem—bimboey I sick, I die jus' sem."

Tawky waved his hand toward the world at large with just a shade of longing on his berry patch.

"It's bedder I rest and 'ead sallows, next winter I cold jus' sem, some time I die jus' sem," he reiterated.

"But your soul, Tawky; your soul."

"What you said?"

"Your immortal soul, that spiritual essence, that invisible monitor, that—"

"What you said?"

The preacher thumped himself in the region of the diaphragm and pointed upward.

"The savage nodded. 'Everything all right,' he observed, struggling with English and liberal theology. 'Oookook soolly Tyeen yak yak cumtux.' (God has plenty of sense.)"

"Yes," admitted the preacher, apparently with reluctance. "God knoweth all things."

"But preachers and Indian agents," remarked Tawky, "are always trying to manage his business."

Then the "brave" adjourned to the sallow-berry patch.

Pride of Criminals.

A woman, who has been sentenced to imprisonment for life, asserts some airs of superiority over the rest very often, and that superiority is allowed by the prisoners, who evince quite a respect for the unfortunate, providing too much boasting does not ensue in consequence. It is worthy of remark that murderers invariably look down upon common thieves, and treat them with considerable hauteur.

A comparison having been made on one occasion between the conduct of a thief and that of a woman serving her time for a gross case of child-murder, the latter started up indignantly. "Do you compare that wretch to me—that low thief?" she cried, with hands clenched and eyes flashing at the speaker. Another form of pride was shown very characteristically upon one occasion, when a new kind of shawl was distributed among the women for winter wear—a rough, thick shawl, warm and comfortable enough,

but certainly possessing little claim to elegance of style. The women received the shawls, critically inspected them, held them to the light, held them at a distance, shook their heads over the material, "Hanged if they ain't poorhouse shawls," exclaimed one woman at last, "just the things the poor almshouse criers walk about in."

The almshouse is the lowest depth to the criminal mind.

Women's Faults.

It would appear that even lovely women have their faults, judging by the somewhat spiteful reflections of a variety of eminent writers. For instance these:—

Franklin: He that takes a wife takes care.

La Fontaine: Foxes are all tall and women all tongue.

Eugene Sue: There is something still worse to be dreaded than a Jesuit, and that is a Jesuitess.

Fielding: In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

Scott: Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

Rochebrune: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Ben Johnson: A woman the more curious she is about her face is commonly the more careless about her house.

Lady Montagu: It goes far toward reconciling me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.

Swift: The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Alphonse Karr: A woman who writes commits two sins, she increases the number of books and decreases the number of women.

Douglas Jerrold: What women would do if they could not cry nobody knows! What poor defenceless creatures they would be.

Charles Buxton: Juliet was a fool to kill herself, for in three months she'd have married again and be glad to be quit of Romeo.

Chesterfield: Women are much more alike than men; they have in truth but two passions, vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.

Retif de la Bretonne: The life of a woman is a long dissimulation, candor, beauty, freshness, virginity, modesty—a woman has each of these but once—when lost, she must simulate them the rest of her life.

A Lecture to Men.

"I have seen several articles lately on 'How to Retain the Love of a Husband.' Nearly all these articles declare that women do not take pains to look pretty after their marriage; that they quit arranging their hair in a becoming style, and are indifferent concerning their dress. That is true, but why is it? The fact is that the women do not care whether they look pretty or not, simply because they think they are married to men of no taste. They naturally imagine that a man who wears dirty cuffs, and who never wipes his whiskers, and who does not try to drown the smell of whiskey on his breath, does not care whether his wife looks pretty or not. Slouchiness in him breeds slouchiness in her. Besides, she has found out what pleased him in the days of courtship does not please him after marriage. He married her because she was pure, accomplished and a tasty dresser, but six months after marriage he becomes fascinated with a woman directly the opposite—a variety actress, perhaps, who is bold, ignorant, and loud in her dress and manners. Supposing a woman desires to retain the love of such a husband, how is she going to do it? I believe if a woman thoroughly respects her husband she will need no hints as to how she can retain his love. She will intuitively know how to do it without any suggestions from the newspapers. Women need no advice as to how they should conduct themselves towards their husbands. It is the men who need the advice. Let them brace up and look as genteel and act as gallant as they did during their honeymoon, and their wives will follow their example."

Jumbo and a Bustle.

Catharine Cole, one of the best known literary women of the south, is a handsome blue-eyed woman past 30, free from many of the hysterical eccentricities that come to female writers possess. A writer met her at a show in company with a fashionable party. "Poor Jumbo! here is all his counterfeited presentment," she said, gazing upon the stuffed giant who succumbed to the attacks of a goods train.

"Did you ever see Jumbo alive?"

"Yes, the worst fright I ever got in my life was from Jumbo. I was in England and visited the Zoological Gardens frequently. That was before Jumbo became noted for having the 'moo,' as the Mahouts call it—bad temper in English."

"One day I attired myself in a new dress with an exceedingly large bustle, as was the style then, and in my rounds dropped in at the Zoo."

"I was walking around the garden when suddenly I felt myself lifted like a feather into the air. I tried to scream, but I could not. I didn't have the time."

"The power that raised me aloft had me by the bustle, and I could hear that frail protuberance crushing together as if a mountain had mashed it."

"Then I described a semi-circle and was let down, bustle and all, on the walk. I heard a shout of merry childish voices and Jumbo passed with twenty or thirty children on his back."

"It seems that I was just in front of him and quick as thought he seized me by the bustle of my dress and carefully lifted me to one side. His gentle squeeze of my bustle broke it into a useless wreck, and I lost five pounds of flesh from concentrated fright."

"It took me an hour to realize exactly what had happened and take an inventory of the smash-up. I never went back to the Zoo any more."

"I am now as a Texas cowboy is about Indians. He likes them better dead. So do I elephants. I always bustle to get away from these mastodons when I see them coming."

At a museum. Mrs. N.—My dear, I wish you to observe this beautiful statue of Apollo. And this is his wife, Apollonia.

VARIETIES.

The happiest moment of a man's life, he said tenderly, is when he knows he has won a girl's heart.

Is it so easily asked?

Yes, he replied; now tell me what is the happiest moment in a woman's life.

She blushed and hung her head.

Tell me, he whispered.

You won't think me too bold?

Certainly not.

When she's asked to name the day.

There is a dakey in an Atlanta factory who used to call himself Lee Whitlock half the time, and the other half he was Lee Pentlock. The merchants up and down Marietta Street made out duplicate bills, and if one bill was presented he was sure to be the other man. The other day his employer said: "Well, Whitlock, what's your name this year?" "You know I was Lee Whitlock all Lee Pentlock beto' w'en I lived over yonder. Well, I ain't got but one name now." "Which is it?" "Lee Irvin."

An American gentleman who was recently visiting in England thought he would try an experiment to test the credulity of Englishmen in regard to the United States. So one day when he was with a number of fairly intelligent Englishmen he gravely told them that on various street corners in Chicago there are peculiar machines run by intricate clockwork on which is inscribed the legend: "Drop ten silver dollars in the slot and get a divorce." Half of his auditors believed the story, and the other half accepted it in its main features, but criticized certain details.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST YET.—Enter Mr. Adipose (padding)—I believe I get to be heavier every day. I shall soon be unable to come up those stairs at all.

"The lecture was lovely, John; I wish you would take the course. You would soon be rid of those rheumatic fancies of yours. We count the flesh as nothing. Every sensation is only the reflection of a thought. How cold it is here! What made you let the fire all get down? Hand me my felt slippers, and then tell Jane to bring me some hot tea and toast. I am really quite worn out from combining so much mental and physical effort."

"THE only time that I ever really felt ashamed in my life was at the battle of Cedar Rapids," said the Major. "My horse fell under me, and I was obliged to ride an army mule during the rest of the engagement."

"Grinding out well," said the Judge. "I found that mule about an hour after you dismounted that day."

"Really, old man, I hardly expected to be corroborated so promptly; where did you find him?" asked the Major.

The Judge saw that there was a clear run for the door as he replied: "Stone dead behind a rail-fence."

"Shot?"

"No; mortification."

BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D., the distinguished historian, writes in a Washington newspaper of a conversation he had in 1848 with Alexander Hamilton's widow. Among many interesting remarks made by Mrs. Hamilton was one in reference to Martha Washington's dislike for society. "Mrs. Washington, who, like myself, had a passionate love of home and domestic life, often complained of the 'weariness of time' she was compelled to endure. 'They call me the First Lady of the Land, and think I must be extremely happy,' she would say, almost bitterly, at times, and add: 'They might more properly call me the Chief Prisoner.'"

SUFFICIENTLY IDENTIFIED.—A gentleman was recently rusticated in a neighboring town with his little four-year-old boy. The child spent nearly all of his time with the town telegraph operator, the attraction there to the child being a large Newfoundland dog. The operator left the boy in charge of the office one day, while he attended to some urgent business, and to amuse the little fellow placed in his hands a large brass instrument of the property of the town band. During the operator's absence the boy made such a rum-pum-pum with the musical instrument that the bandmaster rushed in, and in towering tones demanded of the little innocent:

"Who gave you that?"

The bright boy, not knowing the operator's name, replied:

"The dog's papa give it to me."

THE OLD KAISER AND HIS BARBER.—Thrice a week his barber came to trim his Majesty's mustache and hair, and at one time he was very late in arriving several days in succession. One morning the aged Emperor remarked: "Your watch must go badly; here is another; be punctual for the future," presenting him with a splendid gold watch. For a fortnight appeared to the exact moment. Then he fell back into his old habits, so the Emperor, after a few days, requested to see his watch. The barber placed it in his Majesty's hands and Emperor William said coolly: "As my watch does not go better than your one, you had better try this one."

The Sovereign pocketed the handsome timekeeper and gave the disconcerted barber a genuine turnip, worth about 5s.

THERE lived not very many years ago a short distance from the town of Beaver, by the way, is looking like a young bride just now her husband of green hair, Wind Engines and Deep Well Pumps, Treatise on Natural Gas, or any Encyclopedia.

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